

Ooh, ooh-doo
Ooh, ooh-doo
(Hey, SIRSKI)
Hey, hey, hey

Prada bags in the Caddy (Yeah, Hello), I'll take care of you
Big bands, they keep adding (Hey)
Choppas, I'll Mariah Carey 'em (Hey)
Better plan his memorial
Send his ass to the Holy Ghost
Kinda sad how his story goes (Yeah)

Brody got shot on the block (Oh)
Very sad day for the opps, huh
He tryna cuff on a thot, no
She tried to fuck on the squad
Better plan his memorial
Send his ass to the Holy Ghost
Kinda sad how his story goes (Yeah)

She wanna fan me with the drugs (Fan me)
Fuck off a Perc', she start a family with the drugs (Family)
You gon' get murked, you try to play me or my girl (Grrah, brrah)
Bro on a shirt, he tried to play me and my thugs (Grrah, grrah)
Fiends at the door, I remember seeing fees at the door
Nigga runnin', got the beam, see the Lord
In the dream sippin' lean, I'ma soar
R.I.P., gotta breathe for the boy
Love letters, man, I really hope she do
Bad bitch, light skin attitude
Do anything in the world for you (You)
Hoes like me 'cause I'm too smooth
Not your speed 'cause you're too slow
Evolve like I'm Mewtwo
This shit too simple
I get racks like Wimbledon
Nigga talkin' shit, put a rack up on his head, now he's gone
Oh-oh-oo

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